

The Tragedie

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
 Nor your sonne *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
 You haue bene factious one against the other:
 Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
 And what you doe, do it vnfaignedly.
Qu. Heere *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
 Our former hatred, to thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
 Vpon my part shall be vniolable.
Ha. And so I sweare my Lord.
Kin. Now princely *Buckingham* scale vp this league,
 With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
 And make me hapy in his vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
 On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
 Doth cherish you and yours, God punish mee
 With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
 When I haue most neede to imploy a friend.
 And most assured that he is a friend,
 Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
 Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God,
 When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely *Buckingham*,
 Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
 There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
 to make the perfect period of this peace.
Enter Glocester.
Buc. And in good time heere comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
 And princely peares, a happy time of day.
Kin. Happy indeede as wee haue spent the day,
 Brother wee haue done deeds of charity:
 Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
 Betweene these swelling wrong insensd peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
 Amongst this princely heape, if any here
 By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

of Richard the Third.

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
 Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
 Tis death to mee to be at emnity.
 I hate it and desire all good mens loue.
 First Madam I intreat peace of you,
 Which I purchase with my dutious seruice.
 Of you my noble cousen *Buckingham*,
 If euer any grudge were lodgd betweene vs,
 Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,
 That all without desert haue found on me,
 Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
 I do not know that Englishman aliue,
 With whome my soule is any iotte at oddes,
 More then the infant that is borne to night:
 I thanke my God for my humility,
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter,
 I would to God all strife were well compounded,
 My soueraigne leige I do beseech your maiesty
 To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.
Glo. Why Madam, haue I offered loue for this,
 To be thus scorned in this royall presence?
 Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
 You doe him iniury to scorne his coarfe. (he is?)
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord *Dorset* as the rest?
Dor. I my good Lord and noone in this presence
 But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerst.
Glo. But He poore soule by our first order dide,
 And that a winged Mercury did beare,
 Some tardy criples bore the countermaund,
 That came too lagge to see him buried:
 God graunt that some lesse noble and lesse loyall,
 Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
 Deserue not worse then wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet goe currant from suspition.

Enter Darby.

Dar,